

Harm Unlimited
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Return to Oz

We used fake names, fake IDs, and wore fake jewelry.
 Chipped glassware was carried to and from broken hearted or
 heartless country bumpkins, street rats, vampires, wolves, and rakes.
 None of our names mattered as we danced for dollar bills.
 Danced like the storm that had carried us away. Scattered us
 across interstates, prairies, and prisons, unable or unwilling
 to find our way back home. The screams of dancefloor sirens
 blocked out the curses and prayers of religious extremists,
 sycophant bigots, who said we intended to unleash harm
 on one nation. Under God. Indivisible. With ~~liberty~~
 and cruel justice for all. These were hard lessons to learn.
 Internalized double damage. Self-inflected hesitation scratches.
 Left their mark with the sharp edges of their words spewing endlessly
 like an oil pipeline into a river, an aneurysm about to burst.
 They couldn't bear the sight of rainbows.
 Wouldn't dance on yellow bricks with us.
 Our hearts were glowing. Streaming
 RED. As he pulled the trigger. Into bodies stained
 RED. As he pulled the trigger. Into lovers stained
 RED. As he pulled the trigger. Into the crowd. Stained
 RED. As he pulled the trigger. Until he was satisfied.
 The next day everyone was obsessed with the violence.
 Shocked by how many were dead. More than dead. Maimed.
 Split into pieces. Headshots. Ripped apart. Unrecognizable.
 Faces that had been kissed. Pulverized.
 Brothers and sisters. Without a pulse.
 Saints and sinners. Dead on impact or dying in fear, or dying alone.
 We were finished, utterly destroyed. And they were satisfied
 that they had shattered our pride.

Harm Unlimited

I didn't know when I first saw you bloom
that it was wrong to sever the stem
and inhale you all at once
so that I took your fragrance for granted.

I didn't know when I first saw you bloom
it would be the last time I felt such passion.
So much that I damaged your petals
and tore you by the root.

I didn't know when I first saw you bloom
that I was capable of so much
harm. For something I had loved. Unlimited
harm. Depraved, reckless, dirty
harm. Faithless, dishonest, emotional
harm. Unfair, obscene, irreversible
harm.



Obituary

There were photographs
documenting his position
where he lied cold and alone.
This final pose, a derelict
wreck, broken, with so many things
strewn around him on the floor.
The door had been kicked, pounded
with fists. A television, a cross,
some books, his clothes, my letters
were packed up or thrown away.
People lamented, prayed, wondered,
lied. His hands were rigid
and empty. His mouth, eyes, dreams,
were shut. His skin, veins, secrets,
were exposed. The air was hot, and the birds
sang while his memories, love, and pain,
were packed up or thrown away.



Leo Season

He was born in the buffalo grass—a mere spark
 gathering everything he touched in his arms
 and devouring it until he'd eaten
 from all the mallows and yucca.
 He climbed trees to suck the chokecherries
 and squeeze the plums. He chain-smoked
 the fuming smell of almonds and apples.
 He almost reached heaven
 when he conquered the swarming life around him,
 from the cottonwood to the smallest pasque.
 Then all at once he was writhing, shrinking.
 Having built himself up for nothing.
 Before he was smothered in the sand, he realized
 that everything he had tasted was sour.
 And all he had seen were lies.
 So near the sun, he reveled in its warmth before it all
 came down.

*Fleurs du mal*

I lived in the darkness of spring,
 with the lilacs just about to bloom—
 the clouds brooded from above,
 anxious to reveal to anyone
 all the tears they had gathered
 to pour down on their beloved.

I wonder how the sky has been holding back
 from telling its secrets, from revealing all the shades
 of colors we can only see beneath the darkest clouds,
 how long it has been waiting to reach out its hand to us
 in the form of a lightning strike.

I was so afraid when I saw you
 I did not get the chance yet, to bloom—
 I hoped you would spare me
 but you were looking right at me.
 I did not need to bloom
 for you to see I was beautiful.



Weeds

I was not incomplete
when I tore myself in two—
like a honeybee severs part of its body
inflicting her sting, knowing she will die,
but to protect her home
would harm more than once if she could.

The moment I shattered into layers of soft petals,
I wanted to go back to what I was before—
I was fragmented, considered common, inferior to my siblings,
a blemish on the earth. I was the shade of color
any artist would paint over.
I had been created to be invisible or destroyed.

I clung with my roots deep into the place where I was born
hoping to return beneath the ground—
I knew soon I would be plucked from the soil and left to wither away.
I did not realize my purpose until a living angel visited me
in the form of a butterfly, and took all that I had to give,
and carried my soul across the valley so that I might be born again.

Some emerge for the first and last time, some too early,
some too late. Some unravel at the same time as millions of others—
each petal like a piece of stained-glass in a cathedral
refracting light into sacred meanings.
Some are forced to bloom alone, undisturbed and unrecognized,
like a flicker of lighting that never makes a sound.

Every moment we are forced to reveal our true selves,
or even a fragment of our passion and regrets—
to a world that decides our experiences are too ordinary
is not unlike the commonest of the pale flowers
that unfolds itself prematurely,
or long after it is due.

Ordinary Time

I stood in a field of lights
finally in bloom, with my heart split open—
for you, to come and pluck my petals
in the crimson light, with the rain
blessing you as you walked in the shadows
of the cottonwood trees.

My veins reached out below your feet
as you walked towards me. My blood
rushed into my petals, bleeding dark red
passion from my thorns. Overflowing with longing
to touch the flame in your heart, to know your name,
to feel the scars on your fingertips against my petals
pulsating every time you'd tilt your head to inhale me.

I was afraid you wouldn't find me, I was so hidden
in the clutches of the dark. I prayed you would follow
the fireflies glowing like emeralds in the night
to the place where I had spent my whole life waiting.
I was petrified as you tilted your head into my petals,
closing your eyes as you breathed in the fragrance.
And the flame of your heart consumed me in a moment.



Wuthering Heights

You talked about leaving when we first met.
 You came into my heart and left all the lights on—
 I wanted to run with you through this wild world,
 but my shoes got lost in the river.
 So, I'm drinking at night, alone again,
 and every light is shining through my veins.

I see something moving in the trees—
 blood on my lips, cigarette in my teeth.
 Could it be love? Moving towards me.
 My cold fingers on the gun, ready for the reveal
 Something is crying in the dead grass.

Something is hiding in the snow.
 Something I lost long ago, never to find again—
 so I thought it could be love.
 My flashlight pointing at something in the trees.
 My finger on the trigger,
 but it was harmless, it was lost, it was love.

I could see all of him without any cover.
 Skin exposed to a swollen sky—
 every single scar. His hungry eyes.
 His blue cold despair.
 The softest feeling.
 But fragile things are destined to be broken.

The wind shook the branches,
 aggressive and reckless—
 rain kissed the windows
 with stubborn persistence.
 The haze of the moon
 spread like a knife.

Drenched with sweat, rain, dew,
 ashes. It's blown away and evaporates—
 a violent, conflicting desire, this shocking embrace.
 A man's hand on another man, gripping,
 tightening, letting go. His fingernails
 digging into his dark flesh.

Abschied

You had never seen snow before
 You had never attempted to love another man before—
 or so you told me, in the frozen darkness
 as we hid from the cold using our bodies to keep warm.
 The nights were getting longer, and I liked that
 because you would leave with the sunrise.

I know these plains are destitute,
 but they are special to me—
 when I think of you rejoicing at the sight of snow
 and kissing me for the first time
 in a night that never seemed to end
 but then came the sunrise.



Early Winter

And like so many others, I fell hopelessly, completely and forever in love.
 I'm sorry, like most of the writing that is sent out into the world,
 you were forgotten before you were born.
 Like so many stories of love, you will be unbearable,
 misunderstood, and wander forever without a home.
 But before you're too hard on yourself,
 before your colors fade, and winter and darkness come to bury you,
 remember that nobody looks at the stars at first,
 knowing that they are dying lights.
 And like them, you belong to everyone and no one.
 You are everywhere, even when nobody can see you.

*California*

He is braver than the rest
 to stick his hands straight through the thorns
 with skin softer than Easter lilies
 As I lean into his core
 he is carving away at my soul
 and making himself a home
 He is braver than the rest
 when he is accustomed to the Pacific,
 to dive into this icy river after me
 and lay me down in clean sheets
 When he sees my fields are overgrown with fennel and rue,
 he uproots them all to plant his poppies
 whose petals shine as bright as his love
 He is braver than the rest—
 the thorns sticking deep in his fingertips
 as he plucks my heart clean
 Tearing the skin from his shins
 as he carves a path for us through the wild
 And he is clawing at my heart
 He is chewing away at my pain
 Pushing into the pressure
 There is bravery in his eyes
 There is snow upon his brow
 When he shows me his heart
 it is thawing, oozing sap for me
 A scarlet ruby gushing blood
 It moves tears from his eyes—
 this once I've seen him cry
 He is braver than the rest

Only You Can Prevent Forest Fires

Summer came early—the constant sun
dried up everything that was born.
Sunburns and ashes, weddings and funerals.
My father warns me to be careful,
as you grow older, you'll stop believing in love.
My mother warns me to be careful,
not to throw cigarettes in the dead grass.

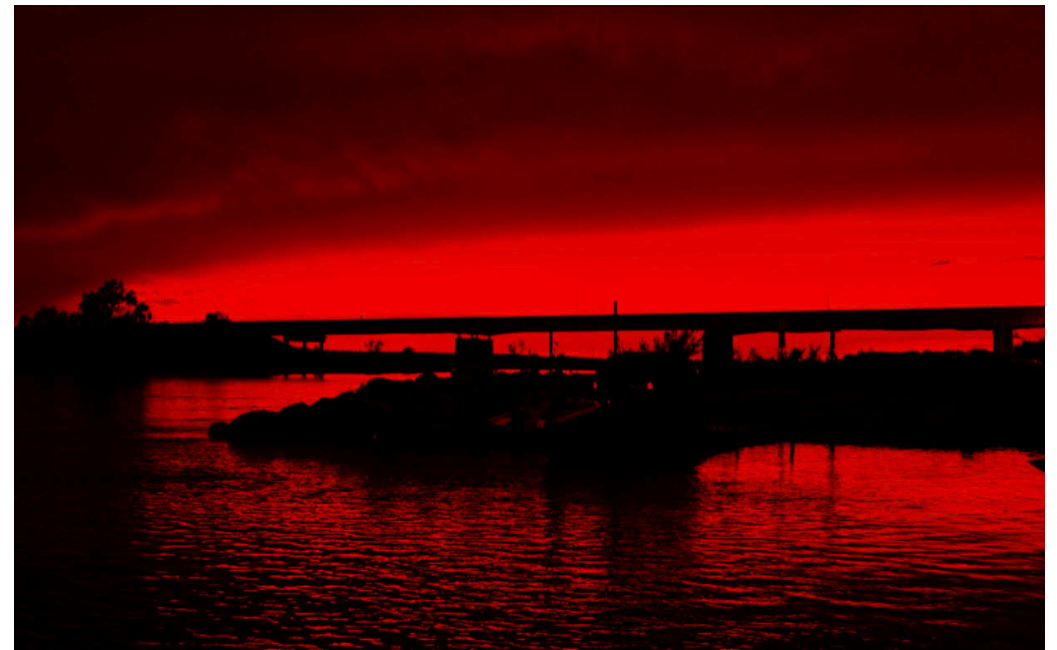


Pride (I)

Take your clothes off, now—
I want to see you
overflowing with passion
burning with hate for complacency
dancing naked, kissing strangers, two at once.
The light of your eyes filling up the entire room.

We don't stop kissing, though my lip is bleeding.
Everyone is staring. A camera flashes
and I finally see you for who you are,
free from fear, free with me.
Every breath is like smoke from your burning heart.
And who set you on fire? I know—

I'll never love again, not like this.
The music is so loud. Don't stop dancing—
in the glitter, in the glass, in the lights,
in destruction or preservation,
a tradition, a ceremonial moment.
And I know I am yours before you ask me.



Before I Die

Before I die I want to see
 China, Egypt, and Sweden!
 And I want to write
 about all the love I still see
 in the face of so much terror.
 I want to love the world
 even if others hate it.
 I want to save the world
 even if others more powerful destroy it.
 If anything, let there be no hate in my heart.
 Let me love in every city, every language.
 All I want to write about is love.

*Smut*

Which came first—porn or poetry? Which comes closer
 to accurately depicting our feelings?
 Is it through words or images?
 Through what is spoken or what is seen?
 If we need to see to believe,
 and words to define our needs?
 How do we know, how do we prove love exists without them?
 I read the poetry I have written out loud
 as you drive us to Minneapolis.
 You find it unsettling that I've been so explicit in detail,
 that I've tried to render the ineffable and ephemeral
 into words. I wish you had lied and told me you liked them.
 But we've always been too honest with each other.
 Even though you do not agree with my depictions,
 I feel like they have captured some truth. Like the videos
 we make when we fuck, they bear witness to the historical
 moment that is love. They show us how it emerges,
 as they testify to its fate.



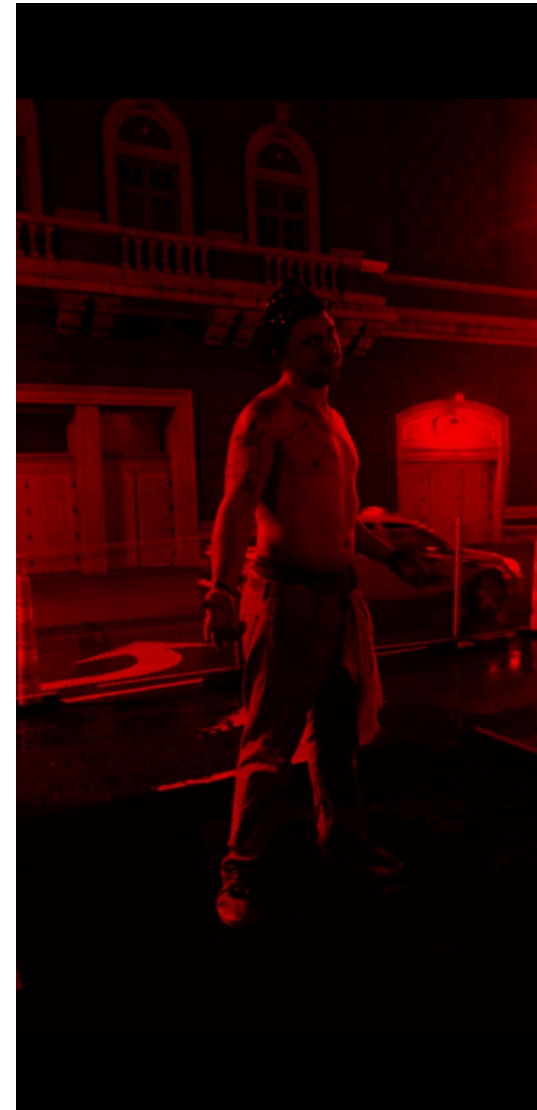
Repent

When you told everyone that you loved me to death
 I believed you would keep loving me
 even if I ran away from home
 and stole your camera to pawn it
 for a bus ticket back to nowhere.
 Because when you gave me everything I wanted,
 like a spoiled child, I lashed out against forces
 I could not control.

The only way I could save our love
 was to stop myself before I pulled the trigger
 and hurt you in unlimited ways
 so that you would curse love itself.
 I was the monster I had always feared
 since I was a child, I was afraid of what
 harm I would do.

*Fargo*

I know exactly the time of night I will be most afraid.
 The hour I will be most alone. Driving home in complete silence
 until I hear my heart—and feel the terror of its screaming—
 reaching out for him who should be beside me.
 I will pull to the side of the road
 and bury it in the snow.



July (I)

I was distracted when you called me.
 I didn't know it'd be the last.
 We were only in our twenties,
 death was just an abstraction.
 We had just kissed in Kansas City
 and celebrated our birthdays with pancakes.
 This could not be the same person
 whose body was found in such disarray
 they couldn't figure out what killed you.
 You had been sending me letters,
 photographs from your new job in Florida.
 Maybe I was jealous, I didn't sympathize
 when you had to move back to California.
 That last phone call, I didn't know you were
 relapsing. I wasn't aware of any threat.
 For all the danger we put ourselves through
 I never thought we would actually get hurt.

*The Man Who Died in His Boat (I)*

He stood in his boat, on the water
 that would freeze over in a few days
 He was alone in the boat
 He came by himself
 Took nothing with him into the boat
 Alone with nothing but the cold water
 surrounding the boat
 Beckoning to him, in whispers
 he could hardly understand
 to abandon what was left—
 He stood in his boat, as the water
 began to leak into it
 Floating on the lake that would
 freeze over in a few days
 He came by himself with the boat
 The water was too cold for anyone else
 He took nothing with him
 in the boat as something beckoned
 to him beneath the cold water
 whispering long lost dreams
 only he could understand
 as the waves kissed the sides
 of the boat on the cold lake—
 He washed up on the beach
 They found him face down in the sand
 Everything came out of him
 when they took his body from the water
 and nothing was left in the boat
 He came by himself, died by himself
 in the boat on the water which would
 freeze over in a few days

July (II)

What could be worse than the idea
 that I called you, and you just listened
 as the phone rang, over and over while you died?
 Was I already too late? It was worse,
 I had forgotten to call. I cannot lie anymore.
 I chose not to call.

*Blame Myself*

I flinch if I catch a glimpse of my reflection, unrecognizable
 after a long night of destroying myself. No longer knowing
 if I can save myself. Recovery takes so long.
 I am alone as the sun rises with distorted country music playing.
 Every song lamenting the same consequences—
 fading youth, circumstances beyond our control,
 realizing we have only ourselves to blame,
 innocence, devotion, reckless betrayal,
 unspeakable loss spiraling out of control.

I broke myself long before you broke what was left.
 Made so many bad decisions,
 didn't take care of myself,
 risked my dreams on temporary insecurities,
 doubted myself so nobody put their faith in me.

They tell me I don't deserve to be broken.
 I tell myself I don't deserve to heal.
 I would only let you break me again.



X

“Why can’t you let me love you?” he asks, tripping on ecstasy.
 “You let me fuck you, but that is not synonymous.”
 We are looking into each other’s poisonous, dilating pupils.
 Receptive, I say, “People fall in love with people they’ve never met.
 People fall in love with ghosts, with serial killers.
 Sometimes only once, sometimes many times.
 People risk death for love, believing love transforms and conquers all.”
 “So, why don’t you let me love you?” he asks again, firm, stubborn,
 brave. I ask, “Would you open yourself to me,
 the way your pupils are opening wide and unwavering right now?”
 “When have I ever been closed, shut off to you?” he asks.
 Our intimacy deepening, his anguish is magnified by the drugs.
 “How can you tell if someone’s heart is open?” I wonder aloud.
 “Because my heart is filled, overflowing from thinking of you,” he says,
 kissing the place where I burned myself. “I am drowning in you.
 Lost in the silent ocean of your despair that has forsaken my love.
 And it is ruining me. I am destroying myself, caught in a tsunami
 of my own tears because I am watching my love sink beneath you,
 unnoticed, not knowing which direction will kill me,
 or where I can finally rest my head. Your love would be my lighthouse,
 guiding me through death.”

*The Man Who Died in His Boat (II)*

He had spent so much time fighting the pain of others
 he didn’t notice that the boat was shuddering, its walls
 crumbling, caving in on itself, water was pouring into
 his lungs, the current slamming his body against the rocks—
 He didn’t know which direction to swim
 The shoreline was too far away
 He was afraid of what he had done
 and the light came pouring out from the lighthouse—
 He had spent so much time in the shadows of the pain of others
 He didn’t notice that he was headed for the bottom of the sea,
 that the boat had been broken to pieces by the current
 that came pouring into his lungs—
 He was already so far below the water
 that he didn’t know which direction to swim, the shoreline
 had faded away with the warning of the lighthouse
 and he was afraid of what he had done—
 He was afraid of the bottom of the sea, of the darkness
 of the water, and the current that was filling up his lungs,
 afraid of the lighthouse that was still glowing
 above the surface of the waves, afraid of being alone
 in the boat as it sank slowly into the mouth of the sea,
 and of the rocks that were carving into his skin—
 He prayed for the shoreline, he prayed for mercy from the current,
 and for God to tell him the direction to swim
 He prayed for the light to keep glowing above him,
 but as he swam towards the light, the water kept getting colder,
 and he knew he was nowhere near the shoreline



July (III)

Suicide, overdose, murder? The coroner couldn't tell yet.
 Nothing would change if we knew.
 But still everybody wanted to know.
 I called your voicemail every night after
 to hear that recording, that promise that you'd get back to me.
 I sent you an apology, buried in your phone—
 that I would listen now,
 that I would stop caring only about myself.
 But this is the cruelest way you could have punished me.

Your sister reached out to me to see if I had any information
 that could help her figure out what happened to you.
 You would have resented me for this betrayal.
 But you were gone, and nobody knew why or how.
 I told her everything I knew, and then I blocked her number.

*Masquerade*

From behind a mask, he lives entirely in this moment.
 He doesn't have a name, or an age. He might be only twenty-three.
 He could be famous. He could be nobody of course.
 When he walks into the masquerade, they judge him only
 by what he chooses to reveal, a gold chain around his neck,
 a tattooed torso shimmering above tight red Adidas.
 Maybe he is embracing who he might have been in another life.
 He isn't frightened when he doesn't recognize himself in the mirror.
 A phantom lurking in the shadows asks him to dance.
 He acquiesces, places a hand on his waist. He doesn't ask for his name.
 Taking the lead, he moves carefully at first, then begins to experiment,
 caress him in front of everyone. The phantom squeezes his arm.
 Is somebody going to come save him? Is anybody waiting for him at home?
 If there is, he isn't thinking about it. For a moment
 he's just another guy at the party. He belongs to no one.
 He belongs to the dancefloor. In the rose garden they smoke.
 They probably kiss and more. They'll always remember each other,
 though they will never meet again. Perhaps he was a superstar
 who got lost forever in the shadows beneath the thornbushes.



Haunted

I am afraid of being someone else. Something emanating
 from inside me. I don't recognize myself in the mirror.
 There are so many faces in the mirror. I am afraid
 of doing things someone else wants me to do.
 My bad decisions following me home. Up the stairs.
 Into my room. Beneath the sheets.
 I am afraid of being taken in and used
 by someone else. So many doors. So many slamming doors.
 Sharp cracks in the wood. Furious. Wanting to get inside.
 Some guilt-ridden conscience that lives on and on in my mind.
 I am running down the hall. I cannot breathe.
 The pounding on the walls gets louder. It follows me.
 Waits for me. Listens. Filthy. Soiled.
 Gluttonous house. Monstrous. Dying light.
 I flick an empty cigarette lighter on spilled gasoline.
 Unforgiving house. My bloody hands. My hands scrape.
 Rub the skin off. Against the walls of the house. Bleeding hands.
 Possessed. Against the concrete walls. Something wants inside.
 Something I recognize is. Already inside.

*Pride (II)*

Shattered glass, drops of blood
 on the dancefloor. Glitter in my wounds—
 I didn't notice how badly I was bleeding.
 People gathered to watch the spectacle
 but I didn't stop dancing
 and I didn't care who watched.

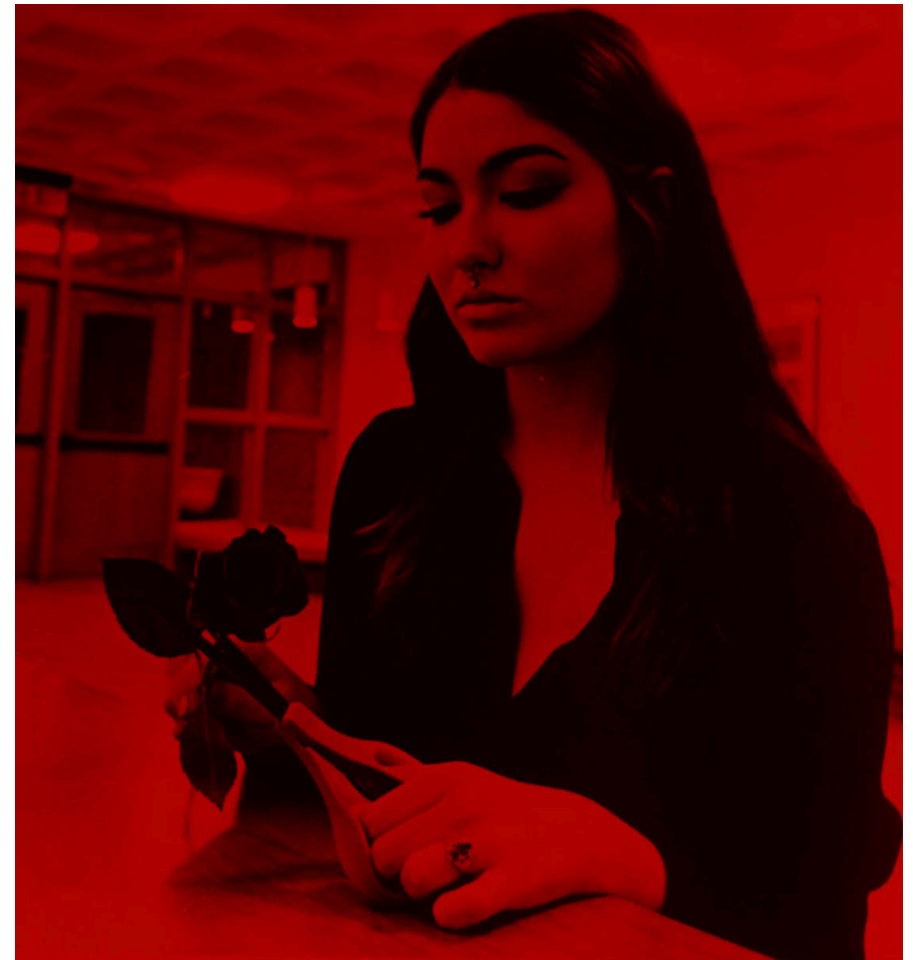


Phantom

I lost myself chasing euphoria in the rose garden
 where I kissed, pushed up against
 someone whose name I can't remember.
 I had been up for days. The violence of my passion
 keeping me awake. Rupturing, as I called out
 your name. All that I had left. Your name.
 Drowning in a handful of colors and muffled bass.
 Burning in the fire of my reckless spirit
 and the melodrama of repressed carnality.
 With nowhere to go. Nowhere to hide. In the lights.
 Exposed and unprotected. Stripped to nothing.
 This was who I was. I begged for somebody to save me.
 I wanted to betray this body. This physical curse.
 I wanted someone to throw rocks through my window
 and convince me to run to the ends of the universe
 where I would be able to translate this pain into providence.
 But nobody came. I was lost. Restrained.
 Unable to transform back into my true self.

*July (IV)*

I would try to heal myself in all the wrong ways.
 I would try to forget you in the arms of another.
 I would betray you again and again.
 I became a person you would have hated.
 And I don't know if I can stop being that person.



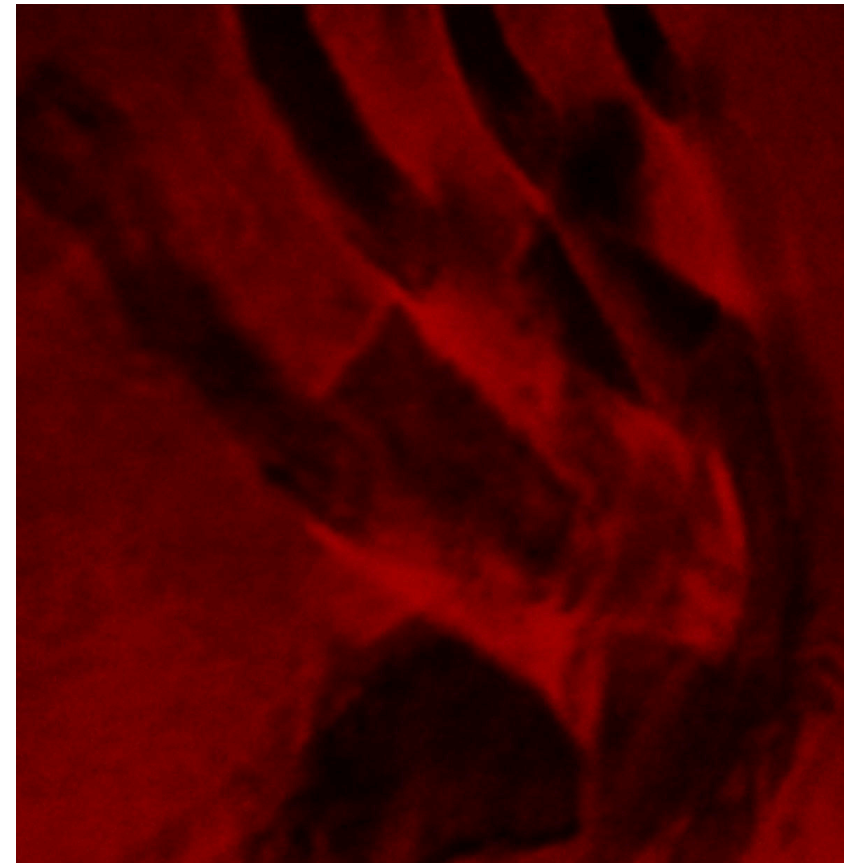
Leaving Minneapolis

I was not ready, but it does not mean I didn't still love you
 when I was driving back to North Dakota. I was not ready,
 but it does not mean I didn't feel you, every time
 I was in the arms of someone else. I was not ready,
 but it does not mean I felt anything but pain
 when I thought abandoning you was my only option.
 I was not ready to go down with the ship if it sank.
 I was not ready to fall, clinging to the edge of the cliff.
 I was not ready to jump, even if the water was warm.
 I was not ready to let go. I was not ready to hold on.
 I was not ready to face the overwhelming doubt
 telling me I was not ready—
 to go back to where I came from,
 even though I had always dreamed of the life we had.
 But when I got back home, I was not ready
 to abandon love. And to speak in truth,
 if you do not believe all poetry to be lies,
 I loved you more than I could love myself.
 I needed you more than I needed saving from my sins.
 I cared about you more than I cared about purpose or meaning.
 I felt the beginning and the end every time you kissed me.

*Close Encounter*

Before you left this world
 I might have seen you one last time—
 even though I couldn't touch you,
 your presence was upon me. Spiraling.
 Twisting. Out of control. Sharp. Raging.
 A burning green light.

I begged you to abduct me,
 but you couldn't take me with you—
 I saw you exploding in the sky.
 Growing. Despite being destroyed.
 Overflowing with lightning
 and soft pearls spilling from each of your wounds.



The Man Who Died in His Boat (III)

This water will probably freeze over in a few days
so I have to be quick to wash this blood away—
I look at my reflection in the water
hoping to see the dreams that were lost long ago
I see a green light at the bottom of the lake
something beckons to me beneath the water

words I can hardly understand
Abandon what is left—
I brought nobody with me
the water is too cold for anyone else
If I am not careful the boat will tip over
and there will be nobody to save me

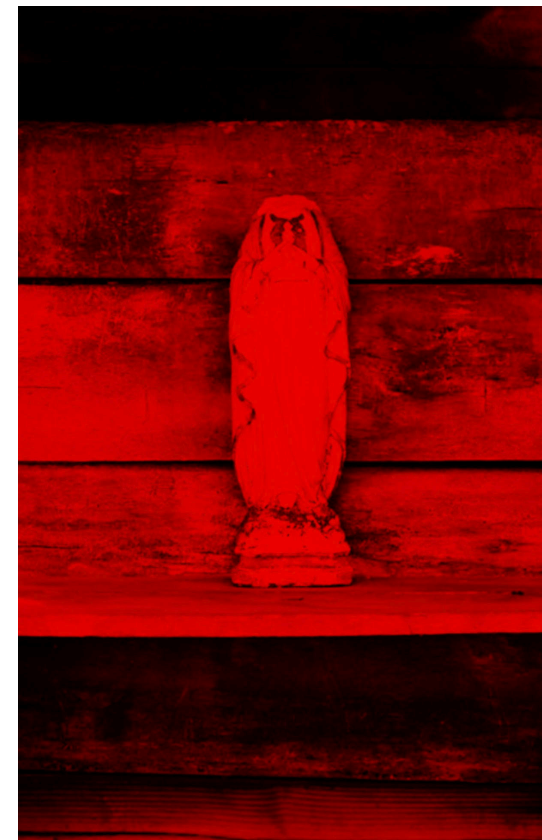
I will be surrounded by nothing but the cold water
Everything will come out of me—
when they pull my body out of the lake
I'm such a fool for coming out here alone
Water is leaking into the boat
and I don't think I can reach the shore in time

But a voice below the waves
is telling me not to be afraid—
there is a lighthouse glowing at the bottom of the lake
I am losing recollection of myself as a discrete personality
No longer individual, no longer bound to a single form
I am rupturing, sinking, boundless

And then we are reunited
I look up at the surface and recognize it as a place
I might have been in another life
as all my memories begin to deteriorate in my temporal lobe
It haunts me like a whisper of radio static between songs—
or repeated missed calls from an unknown number

July (V)

I could write a thousand poems
about how hard I tried
to pretend his lips were yours.
The emptiness of his embrace
when I realized I couldn't fake it.
The panic as I drowned in your love
which I thought would have died
from years of neglect.
But came out only stronger
like the wrath of God
raining down on me.
A guardian angel
pulling me out of a burning wreck.
Love came pouring down on me
like rain in the desert.
I could write a thousand poems about that.

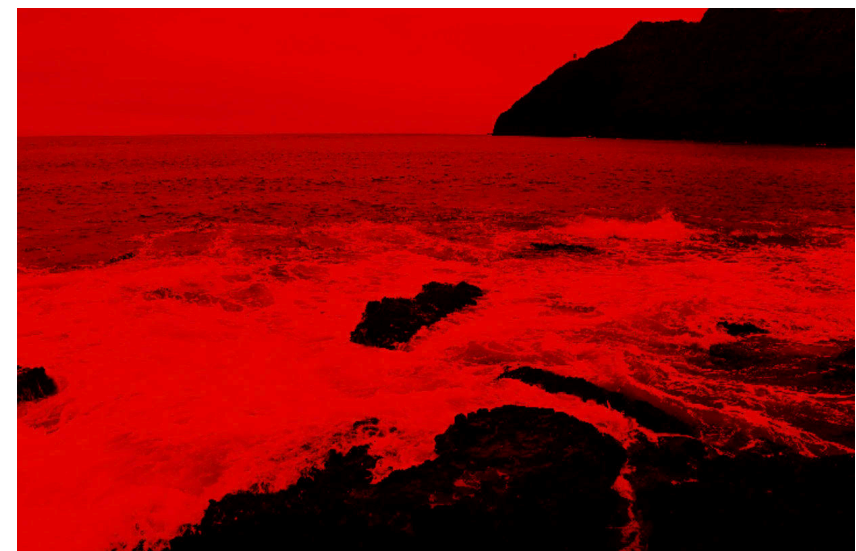


Pride (III)

I did not choose to become a monument to sorrow.
 I want my name to be written forever
 on the living body of my lover,
 not in cold stone and dead paper.
 I still have so much love inside me,
 though they mistook me for a corpse.
 I long for the day someone will hear me crying
 beneath the pine needles and broken bottles,
 and disturb the sacred hollows of this graveyard,
 finding me breathing, yearning, clutching
 at my heart which has grown only fiercer
 in the face of adversity. They will see
 my pride burning so brightly,
 though it was confined to a box.
 My hand will once again be held, warm
 in the grasp of another. For I was not ready
 to be forsaken into the earth.
 I was born in the hot, unforgiving sun,
 and I finally know my purpose in life.
 For though I was buried alive—
 and nobody thought to check on me,
 I had learned to love again.

*Even through Death*

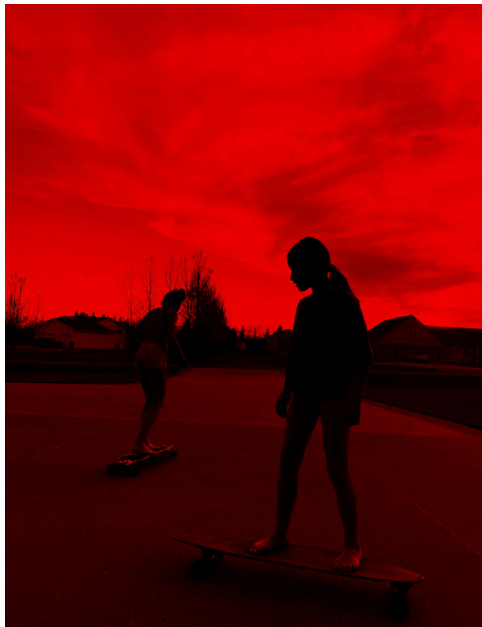
It wasn't that you broke my heart.
 Maybe I had to break it myself
 since you were no longer there to do it.
 It was that my feelings, my devotion,
 my unwavering soul—kept living,
 persisting, swarming, and visiting
 you in my dreams, and dwelling upon you
 in the relentless, steadfast moments
 I was awake—
 It wasn't that you had broken any promises.
 It was that my fears and hopes, my memories,
 my attempts to ignore, suppress,
 and redirect the impact of the moment
 we collided and transformed each other, healed,
 wounded—loved—despised and held each other.
 It was what you had shown me. What you had told me.
 Why you had chosen me. How you opened me.
 How you came through and exposed me.
 To love—
 and I don't want to believe that love
 could ever be lost even though it may be mangled,
 bruised and distorted through the experience of loss.
 It keeps holding on to me. It keeps pouring down on me.
 It carries me through my grief and regrets. It carries me
 even through death.



Baby's-breath

I am writing from a room that is slowly crumbling
and sinking back into the earth. I am writing to console my liminal soul,
nothing more than a spectral flickering consciousness
whose body returned to the ground long ago to become a vessel
for countless new shapes of life, all originating from a single source,
a single consciousness that has nonetheless never ceased transforming
into infinite, uniquely aware neurobiological explosions of sensory impulses.
I am writing words so ephemeral that they will soon be lost
in the algorithm of space and limitless time before becoming
unintelligible to anyone, as they evolve and die like anything else alive.
I am writing to console the part of me I lost somewhere
between the moment of birth and death that keeps me searching
and bound forever inside these ruins. I am writing to preserve
the fragment of sensitivity that has survived, like a falling star
that keeps burning despite the relentless pressure
of the atmosphere to disintegrate into the calm blue void.

Then it is fear and love that I am doomed to write about.
Fear of love, and the love of fear.
Of the creation of identity through experience that makes this possible.
How we are conditioned to separate the two to survive,
of our obsession and possession by both.



Proof